

THE 10 BEST DANCE SONGS

Kylie Minogue "Can't Get You Out of My Head"
More than a decade since Australia's sassy Minogue last hit the
American charts, her maniacally catchy neo-disco bauble put uptempo dance music back on pop radio, where it belongs.

Nelly "Hot in Herre"

Erasing the line between rap and dance via Nelly's nearly sung élan, the Neptunes' cowbell-clanging production gave hip-hop haters and fans alike an excellent reason to take off all their clothes.

Not a Blondie remake but an Ibiza-bred monster that snuck progressive house's hypnotic pulse into the Top Forty, New York duo lio's debut floats on a wet cloud of lust.

Dirty Vegas "Days Go By"Proving that Madison Avenue is the new MTV, Mitsubishi's TV commercial popularized this wistful U.K. folk cut with a fat electronic throb that radio wouldn't have touched otherwise.

Angie Stone "Wish I Didn't Miss You"

Whether remixed into a stomping house anthem or simply quoting the O'Jays' R&B classic "Backstabbers," Stone's torch-carrying tribute to Seventies Philly soul burns with desire, rage and profound loss.

Daniel Bedingfield "Gotta Get Thru This"

Created at home by an unlikely bloke trying to impress his bird, Bedingfield's overnight success let loose another pop tremor of tense Anglo two-step.

This Belgian sleeper outshines the year's other European poptrance tracks with a relentless pounding synth riff, as a restless vocal recalls the Eighties heartbreak of Kim Wilde.

Madonna "Die Another Day"

While Swept Away tanked, Madonna's Bond theme celebrated a timely disco subject – survival. Over-the-top orchestration dances with Mirwais' freaky noise, and the star hops through a tune that's dandy for skipping rope.

Golden Boy With Miss Kittin "Rippin Kittin"
"Mummy, can I go out and kill tonight?" purrs Miss Kittin, the Swiss electroclash enchantress, as German visual artist Stefan Altenburger, a.k.a. Golden Boy, pours on the spooky smooth Bronski beats. Dreamy.

Freelance Hellraiser "A Stroke of Genius"
Christina Aguilera's "Genie in a Bottle" meets the Strokes' "Hard to Explain" over a drum machine to create a bootleg remix magically greater than the sum of its incongruous parts.

BARRY WALTERS

Linda Thompson



Fashionably Late Rounder

THE REAL QUEEN OF Britain returns after

a seventeen-year silence and the near-loss of her voice with this record of magnificent anguish, wrapped in the airs and graces of Olde English folk-rock. Thompson sings with bittersweet authority of grand passions and soured devotion against a soft nest of acoustic guitars, fiddles and vintage instruments (cittern, crumhorn). Van Dyke Parks, Rufus Wainwright and Thompson's ex-husband, Richard, make cameo appearances, but the triumph is Linda's alone.

Justin Timberlake



Justified

JUSTIN TIMBERlake's booty-shaking solo break from

'NSync pays tribute to childhood heroes while moonwalking toward adulthood. Too bad about the Michael Jackson-oid poses adorning Justified's artwork and initial video: These well-sung, wide-eyed songs from the Neptunes and Timbaland don't need any calculation to capture the carefree spirit of early-Eighties R&B. No other teen-pop star has better beats, and even the rhythm-crazed Neptunes yield chewy melodies ("Take It From Here," "Nothin' Else").

TLC



3D Arista

WHAT COULD BE TLC's final album doesn't feature much

of the late Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes, but it pays tribute to her free spirit with the group's most varied and

adventurous grooves yet. "Over Me" lets Lopes have the last word on any mansions she may have torched; T-Boz and Chilli heroically hold their own elsewhere. Dallas Austin, Missy Elliott, the Neptunes and others create an even sturdier blend of R&B and electronica than we heard on TLC's 1999 disc Fan Mail, but the radical standout is the folk-rocking, heartwrenching "Damaged." B.W.

The Vines



Highly Evolved
Engineroom/Capitol

IF AUSTRALIAN BOY lunatic Craig Nicholls – the Vines'

singer-guitarist-songwriter—doesn't OD on McDonald's grub or accidentally impale himself onstage with his own guitar before he turns twenty-six, he'll make good on that album title. The quick kicks of "Highly Evolved" and "Get Free" (a combined 3:36, shorter than your average Limp Bizkit joint) are Nirvana's Bleach revisited, but there is strong promise and advanced pop in Nicholls' way with hooks and bridges ("Outtathaway," "Sunshinin").

Weezer



Maladroit Geffen

BY NOW, IT'S CLEAR that Rivers Cuomo will never go back to

with the writing the tortured autobiographical missives of 1996's Pinkerton—in fact, he'd probably love it if you forgot that album ever happened. But even in the sleeker, leaner grooves of Maladroit, as he applies his notorious studio perfectionism into affectless pop punk with a metal edge, he can't quite keep himself out of the songs. Which is why they rock. Especially the one with the Muppets in the video.

Andre



Lumbering tar pits lik motorheadu and then so loud and oh bellowing a Hard," "Ta You Puke" top of his been prove age in lab ra

Peter



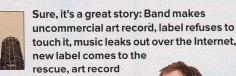
Geils Ban singer and waiting to after-mid "Nothing B unplugged "Homewo staple, Wo Charlie Ric in Boston road-band Love and T

Warre



terminal of this album record. Howith barb with style in the title imagines be with such Lord Byrocompany. "You're a When Yow with notes S. Thomp





turns into left-field hit. But great stories are a dime a dozen compared with great music, and there's great music all over Yankee Hotel Foxtrot. Jeff Tweedy sounds as if he's singing from the bottom of a highball glass, croaking out his midnight blues as the guitars and keyboards explode all

R.S.

around him.